

In the Bishop's Carriage

By MIRIAM NICHOLSON

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Lord, how the hours dragged! I hadn't had anything to eat since lunch, and it got darker and darker in there.



AND OUT OF THE WINDOW.

and hot and close and cramped. I put in the time, much as I could, thinking of Tom. The very first thing I'd do after cashing in, would be to get up to Sing Sing to see him. I'm crazy to see him. I'd tell him the news and see if he couldn't bribe a guard, or plan some scheme with me to get out soon.

Afraid—me? What of? If they found me under that box I'd just give 'em the Beryl story about the bet. How do you know they wouldn't believe it? . . . Oh, I don't care, you've got to take chances, Mag. Monahan, if you go in for big things. And this was big—huge. Do you know how much that diamond's worth? And do you know how to spend \$50,000?

I spent it all there—in the box—every penny of it. When I got tired spending money I dozed a bit and, in my dream, spent it over again. And then I waked and tried to fancy new ways of getting rid of it, but my head ached, and my back ached, and my whole body was so strained and cramped that I was on the point of giving it all up when—that blessed old Topham came in.

He set the big box down with a bang that nearly cracked my head. He turned on the lights, and stood whistling "Tommy Atkins." And then suddenly there came a soft call: "Topham! Topham!"

I leaned back and bit my fingers till I knew I wouldn't shriek. The Englishman listened a minute. Then the call came again, and Topham creaked to the door and out.

In a twinkling I was out, too, you bet.

Mag! He hadn't opened the box at all! There it stood in the middle of the space framed by the three glasses. I pulled at the lid. Locked! I could have screamed with rage. But the sound of his step outside the door sobered me. He was coming back. In a frantic hurry I turned toward the window which I had unlocked when I came in four hours ago. But I hadn't time to make it. I heard the old fellow's hand on the door, and I tumbled back into the box in such a rush that the curtains were still waving when he came in.

Slowly he began to place the jewels, one by one, in the order her ladyship puts them on. We Charity girls had often watched him from the door—he never let one of us put a foot inside. He was method and order itself.

He never changed the order in which he lifted the glittering things out, nor the places he put them back in. I put my hand up against the top of the box, tracing the spot where each piece would be lying. Think, Mag, just half an inch between me and quarter of a million!

Oh, I was so as I lay there! And I wasn't so cock-sure either that I'd get out of it straight. I tried the Beryl story lots of ways on myself, but somehow, every time I fancied myself telling it to Obermuller, it got tangled up and lay dumb and heavy inside of me.

But at least it would be better to appear of my own will before the old Englishman than be discovered by Lord Gray and his lady. I had my fingers on the curtains, and in another second I'd been out when—

"Miss Beryl Blackburn's compliments, Mrs. Topham, and would you step to the door, as there's something most important she wants to tell you."

Oh, I loved every syllable that call-boy spoke! There was a giggle behind his voice, too; old Topham was the butt of every joke. The first call, which had fooled me, must have been from some giddy girl who wanted to guy the old fellow. She had fooled me all right. But this—this one was the real article.

There was a pause—Topham must be looking about to be sure things were safe. Then he creaked to the door and shut it carefully behind him.

It only took a minute, but in that minute—in that minute, Mag, I had the rose diamond clutched safe in my fingers; I was on the top of the big trunk and out of the window.

Oh, the feel of that beautiful thing in my hand! I'd 'a' loved it if it hadn't been worth a penny, but as it was I adored it. I slipped the chain under my collar, and the diamond slid down my neck, and I felt its kiss on my skin. I flew down the black corridor, bumping into scenery and nearly tripping two stage carpenters. I heard Ginger, the call-boy, ahead of me and dodged behind some properties just in time. He went whistling past

and I got to the stage door. I pulled it open tenderly, cautiously, and tumbled to shut it after me.

And—And something held it open in spite of me.

No—no, Mag, it wasn't a man. It was a memory. It rose up there and hit me right over the heart—the memory of Nancy Olden's happiness the first time she'd come in this very door, feeling that she actually had a right to use a stage entrance, feeling that she belonged, she—Nancy—to this wonderful of the stage!

You must never tell Tom, Mag, promise! He wouldn't see. He couldn't understand. I couldn't make him know what I felt any more than I'd dare tell him I did.

I shut the door.

But not behind me. I shut it on the street and—Mag, I shut forever another door, too; the old door that opens out on Crooked street. With my hand on my heart, that was beating as though it would burst, I flew back again through the black corridor, through the wings and out to Obermuller's office. With both my hands, I ripped open the neck of my dress, and pulling the chain with that great diamond hanging to it, I broke it with a tug, and threw the whole thing down on the desk in front of him.

"For God's sake!" I yelled. "Don't make it so easy for me to steal!"

I don't know what happened for a minute. I could see his face change half a dozen ways in as many seconds. He took it up in his fingers at last. It swung there at the end of the slender little broken chain like a great drop of shining water, blushing and sparkling and trembling.

His hands trembled, too, and he looked up at last from the diamond to my face.

"It's worth at least \$50,000, you know—valued at that."

I didn't answer.

He got up and came over to where I had thrown myself on a bench.

"What's the matter, Olden? Don't I pay you enough?"

"I want to see Tom," I begged. "It's so long since he—He's up at—at—in the country."

"Sing Sing?"

I nodded.

"You poor little devil!"

That finished me. I'm not used to being pitied. I sobbed and sobbed as though some dam had broken inside of me. You see, Mag, I knew in that minute I'd been afraid, deathly afraid of Fred Obermuller's face, when it's scornful and sarcastic, and of his voice, when it cuts the flesh of self-conceit off your very bones. And the contrast—well, it was too much for me. But something came quick to sober me.

It was Gray. She stormed in, followed by Lord Harold and Topham, and half the company.

"The diamond, the rose diamond!" she shrieked. "It's gone! And the carpenters say that new girl Olden came flying from the direction of my dressing-room. I'll hold you responsible!"

"Hush—hush!" Obermuller lifted his hands and nodded over toward me.

"Olden!" she squealed. "Grab her, Topham. I'll bet she stole that diamond, and she can't have got rid of it yet."

Topham jumped toward me, but Obermuller stopped him.

"You'd win only half your bet, my lady," Obermuller said, softly. "She did get hold of the Gray rose, worth \$50,000, in spite of all your precautions."

The world seemed to fall away from me. I looked up at him. I couldn't believe he'd go back on me.

"And she brought it straight to me, as I had asked her to, and promised to raise her salary if she'd win out. For I knew that unless I proved to you it could be stolen, you'd never agree to hire a detective to watch those things, which will get us all into trouble some day. Here! Scoot out of this. It's nearly time for your number."

He passed the diamond over to her, and they all left the office.

So did I; but he held out his hand as I passed. "It goes—that about a raise for you, Olden. Now earn it."

Isn't he white, Mag—white clean through, that big fellow Obermuller?

CHAPTER VI.

I GOT into the train, Mag, the happiest girl in all the country. I'd a big basket of things for Tom. I was got up in my Sunday best, for I wanted to make a hit with some fellow with a key up there, who'd make things soft and easy for my Tommy.

I had so much to tell him. I knew just how I'd take off every member of the company to amuse him. I had memorized every joke I'd heard since I'd got behind the curtain—not very hard for me; things always had a way of sticking in my mind. I knew the newest songs in town, and the choruses of all the old ones. I could show him the latest tricks with cards—I'd got those at first hand from Prof. Haughwout. You know how great Tom is on tricks. I could explain the disappearing woman mystery, and the mirror cabinet. I knew the clog dance that Dewitt and Daniels do. I had pictures of the trained seals, the great elephant act, Mlle. Picotte doing her great tight-rope dance, and the brothers Borodini in their pyramid tumbling.

Yes, it was a whole vaudeville show, with refreshments between the acts, that I was taking up to Tom Dorgan. I don't care much for a lot of that truck—funny, isn't it, how you get to turn up your nose at the things you'd have given a finger for once upon a time? But Tom—oh, I'd got everything pat for him—my big, handsome Tom Dorgan in stripes—with his curls all shaved off—ugh!

I'd got just so far in my thoughts, sitting there in the train, when I gave a shiver. I thought for a minute it was at the idea of my Tom with one of those bare, round convict-heads on him, that look like fat skeleton faces. But it wasn't. It was—

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The further fact that neither Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great stomach tonic, liver invigorator, heart regulator and blood purifier, nor his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, overworked, broken-down, nervous women, contains any alcohol, also entitles them to a place all by themselves.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good." Easy to take as candy.

Guess, Mag.

Moriway.

Both of us thought the same thing of each other for the first second that our eyes met. I could see that. He thought I was caught at last. And I thought he'd been sharp once too often.

And, Mag, it would be hard to say which of us would have been happier if it had been the truth. Oh, to meet Moriway, bound sure enough for Sing Sing!

He got up and came over to me, smiling wickedly. He took the seat behind me, and leaning forward, said softly:

"Is Miss Omar engaged to read to some invalid up at Sing Sing? And for how long a term—I should say, engagement?"

I'd got through shivering by then. I was ready for him. I turned and looked at him in that very polite, distant sort of way Gray uses in her act when the Charity superintendent speaks to her. It's the only decent thing she does; chances are that that's how Lord Gray's mother looks at her.

"You know my sister, Mr.—Mr.—" I asked humbly.

He looked at me, perplexed for just a second.

"Sister be hanged!" he said at last. "I know you, Nat, and I'm glad to my finger-tips that you've got it in the neck, in spite of all your smartness."

"You're altogether wrong, sir," I said, very stately, but hurt a bit, you know. "I've often been taken for my sister, but gentlemen usually apologize when I explain to them. It's hard enough to have a sister who—" I looked up at him tearfully, with my chin a-wobble with sorrow.

He grinned.

(To Be Continued.)

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PRaise FOR A FAMOUS MEDICINE

Mrs. Willadsen Tells How She Tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Just in Time.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I can truly say that you have saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words."



Mrs. T. C. Willadsen

"Before I wrote to you, telling you how I felt, I had doctored for over two years steady and spent lots of money on medicines besides, but it all failed to help me. My monthly periods had ceased and I suffered much pain, with fainting spells, headache, backache and bearing-down pains, and I was so weak I could hardly keep around. As a last resort I decided to write you and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful that I did, for after following your instructions, which you sent me free of all charge, I became regular and in perfect health. Had it not been for you I would be in my grave to-day."

"I sincerely trust that this letter may lead every suffering woman in the country to write you for help as I did."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful periods, weakness, displacement or ulceration of an organ, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion or nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. Refuse all substitutes.

For 25 years Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, has under her direction, and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge. Address, Lynn, Mass.

TOBACCO GROWERS ARE ORGANIZING

Next Year Will See West Kentucky Solidly in Line.

Z. C. Graham Says the Association Will Raise Price \$1 to \$2 On the Hundred.

MOVEMENT GROWING STEADILY.

The Dark Tobacco Growers' association in McCracken county is a success and it is the opinion of local tobacco dealers that within another year west Kentucky will be as thoroughly organized as is west Tennessee where 95 per cent of the tobacco growers have combined into an association.

Eight hundred hogheads of dark tobacco have been sold by the association salesman, Gus Veal, since the association began business 60 days ago. Mr. Z. C. Graham stated this morning. "The tobacco under the association rules is better packed and this is one factor in increasing the price. The grades are better sorted and I will say that the increase in prices because of the combination of growers will amount to from \$1 to \$2 per one hundred pounds. The association in this end of the state is new, and there are comparatively few growers associated together, but we believe that in another year the entire western end of the state will be thoroughly organized. It means more for the grower, and when he is made to see this he will not hesitate to come in."

An Ordinance creating the office of Engineer of the Fire Department of the City of Paducah, Kentucky. Be it ordained by the General Council of the City of Paducah, Kentucky:

Section 1. That there is hereby created the office of engineer of the fire department of the city of Paducah, Kentucky.

Section 2. That said office shall be subordinate to and part of the fire department of the city of Paducah, Kentucky.

Section 3. That said engineer shall be appointed by the board of police and fire commissioners of the city of Paducah, Kentucky; that said commissioners shall appoint no one to said office above the age of 50 years. That he shall be sober and competent and legally licensed as such to discharge the duties of his office and they shall prescribe the duties of his said office.

Section 4. Said board of police and fire commissioners shall have the power to remove said officer whenever in their judgment the public good requires it.

Section 5. That before entering upon the discharge of his duties, said engineer of the fire department shall execute a bond with good and approved security, before said board of police and fire commissioners, in the penal sum of \$1,000, for the faithful performance of his duties as such officer, payable to the city of Paducah.

Section 6. That the salary of said engineer shall be \$75.00 per month, payable semi-monthly, as other salaries are paid.

Section 7. This ordinance shall take effect from and after its passage, adoption, approval and publication.

Adopted: GEO. O. M'BROOM, President Board of Councilmen.

Adopted: O. B. STARKS, President Board of Aldermen.

Approved July 11, 1926:

D. A. YEISER, Mayor.

Attest: HENRY BAILEY, City Clerk.

A Modern Miracle.

"Truly miraculous seemed the recovery of Mrs. Mollie Holt, of this place," writes J. O. R. Hooper, Woodford, Tenn., "she was so wasted by coughing up puss from her lungs. Doctors declared her end so near that her family had watched by her bedside forty-eight hours; when, at my urgent request Dr. King's New Discovery was given her, with the astonishing result that improvement began, and continued until she finally completely recovered, and is a healthy woman today." Guaranteed cure for coughs and colds. 50c and \$1.00 at McPherson's drug store. Trial bottle free.

The Texas Wonder Cures all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles; sold by J. H. Oehl-schlaeger, 601 Broadway, Dr. E. W. Hall, office 2236 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

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ETHICAL CHANGE.

Discussed By William Jennings Bryan With Correspondent.

New York, July 13.—Today's Times prints the following cable dispatch from its London correspondent: "Is it true," I asked Mr. Bryan yesterday, "that President Roosevelt caught you in swimming and stole your clothes? Over in America they say that is what has happened."

"He didn't get all my clothes," Mr. Bryan answered, laughingly, and quickly added: "I doubt whether what he did get fit him very well. 'It is hard, uphill work for Mr. Roosevelt to make his administration respond to the country's evident demand for reforms, for the country gave him no mandate. The platform on which he was elected does not declare that our laws and our government should aim at the welfare of the whole people, but if a Democratic president is chosen in 1908, he will undoubtedly represent a party committed to this reform idea and will be in quite a different situation. A great many men are beginning to learn that there is something in the world more valuable than money, and it has gratified me to hear of a number of seces where men have taken a larger view of their relations to their fellows and of their responsibilities. This introspection is making some of them ashamed of the questionable methods to which they have resorted in the past."

Lived Six Years Without Stomach.

Chicago, Ill., July 13.—Dr. Carl Beck of the North Chicago hospital, in illustrating today a remarkable theory that a man or woman can live without stomach, revealed the fact that there is a Chicago woman, Mrs. Hansen, in perfect health, who for six years has lived without a stomach.

"I removed her stomach six years ago, and she is well and hearty today," said Dr. Beck. "It was necessary to make intestinal connections and to give artificial nourishment for a time. The other internal organism was sustained. The woman's intestines and esophagus were connected, and a uniform tissue has now built itself until she is as well off, virtually, as though she had a stomach." Dr. Beck's defense of his pet theory was called forth by the recent speech of Dr. John Mason Thyler of Amherst college, who said: "A man can live comfortably without brains, but no man ever existed without a digestive system."

Japanese Raise Novel Question.

Fort Worth, Tex., July 13.—Four Japanese, who escaped from the train near South McAlester, I. T., while passing through this country in bond, were arrested today by United States Immigration Inspector W. H. Robb and later released because the tax imposed on immigrants to this country had been paid and they were not under contract to perform labor in the United States. The question was a novel one, inasmuch as they were contracted for in Mexico and were passing through, and while federal laws prohibit the bringing in of contract labor from a foreign country to work in this country, there is nothing against the escape of these same laborers while passing through.

YOUR LIVER

Is out of order. You go to bed in a bad humor and get up with a bad taste in your mouth. You want something to stimulate your liver. Just try Herbine, the liver regulator. A positive cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia and all liver complaints. Mrs. F.— Ft. Worth, Texas, writes: "Have used Herbine in my family for years. Words can't express what I think about it. Everybody in my household are happy and well, and we owe it to Herbine."

Wife Declared Insane.

Mary D. Hawkins, wife of Thomas Hawkins, the pilot, of 630 South Fourth street, was yesterday afternoon in county court adjudged of unsound mind. She was ill fourteen years ago and her mind became affected. She was at one time in an asylum in Anna, Ill. She recovered and had been perfectly sane until a short time ago when she suffered a relapse.

CONISTON BY WINSTON CHURCHILL.

CHURCHILL has turned out his best story in "Coniston," and the reviewers in almost unanimous voice have deemed it probably the best book of the year.

It is a story that will interest pre- & t day people. The character drawing is very fine, and the love story very appealing.

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Canned Kraut, 3 lb. cans	10c
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Tea and Basket (Basket worth the money) only	25c
Pineapple, grated or sliced, per can	10c
White Polish for white shoes, per bottle	10c
Fuller's Soap, 2 bars	5c
Lemons, per dozen	20c
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